

# THOMAS LYNCH, FRICK COKE COMPANY'S PRESIDENT, FATHER OF "SAFETY FIRST," DIES AFTER AN ILLNESS OF TWO WEEKS

Was Dominating Figure in  
the Connellsville Coke  
Region.

BEGAN AS A CLERK IN TOWN

Worked in Old Borough of New Haven  
Before Going With H. C. Frick;  
Rose to General Superintendent,  
General Manager, Then President.

Thomas Lynch, president of the H. C. Frick Coke Company and father of the "Safety First" movement in industry, died last evening at his home in Greensburg following an illness of two weeks. Death was due to exhaustion following an operation for septal perforation. Mr. Lynch was taken suddenly ill on December 18 and an operation was performed in the hope that it would save his life. After apparently rallying and sinking, Mr. Lynch died about 8.30 o'clock last evening.

Mr. Lynch was the dominant figure of the Connellsville coke region. It was largely due to his genius that the H. C. Frick Coke Company rose to its commanding position in the industry, prior to its absorption by the United States Steel Corporation in 1909. As general manager and later as president, Mr. Lynch was the guiding spirit of the company after the retirement of H. C. Frick as president, and for years before Mr. Frick retired from active participation with the company he depended upon Thomas Lynch to carry out his policies. In this connection an interesting story is told concerning the selection of Mr. Lynch as H. C. Frick's principal assistant. Mr. Frick made his choice as far back as 1877, when he leased Valley works from William Boyle & Playford. Thomas Lynch was working in the local office at that time and John M. White, then in charge of the operations in the Morgan Valley. These were the only plants of H. C. Frick & Co. at that time. Mr. Frick hesitated for some time before deciding whether White or Lynch should have charge of the new Valley plant, then the largest of the Frick operations. His choice fell on Lynch, and subsequent developments proved he made no mistake. White soon left the service of the company, but Lynch remained, and went right to the top.

With "Safety First" the dominant interest of industry at this time, it is not surprising to know that the father of the movement was Thomas Lynch. It is only within recent years that "Safety First" has received recognition, consideration with railroads and industrial concerns, but as far back as 1877, 23 years ago, Thomas Lynch communicated a code of rules in which "Safety First" was the keynote. The H. C. Frick Coke Company has observed the rule of "Safety First" since that time, and it was this observation of the company which has become a national slogan. The Courier, in its history of the Connellsville coke region, published less than a year ago, called attention to the fact that the rule of "Safety First" was the keynote of the movement. In the current number of the American Magazine Miss Ida M. Tarbell gives considerable space to Mr. Lynch's interest in the safety and welfare of the coke workers. Among other things she says, speaking of "Safety First": "How did it start? To answer that question lightly would take us too far afield. The one purpose to which it is devoted, 'Safety First,' is sufficient. It is a code of rules, a code of rules following that disaster, in which 'Safety First' was the keynote. These rules were for the guidance of one who had just taken place. It is of interest to note that Mr. Lynch promulgated his famous 'Safety First' order, there has not been a serious explosion in a single Frick mine."

Mr. Lynch was born in Uniontown on August 13, 1844, the son of Patrick Lynch, a contractor. His father and mother were natives of Ireland, having been born in Waterford county, in the province of Munster. They emigrated to this country a few years after their marriage. Mr. Lynch attended school until he was 17 years old. He then began as a young man in the store, he clerked at one of the stores at the Dunbar Furnace. One of his first positions, however, was with Dawson & Bailey, or W. H. Bailey & Co., who ran a store in the old borough of New Haven after the National Locomotive Company, which they operated, went out of business. Mr. Lynch was with the New Haven firm in 1874. Miss Wade Whiteley, sister of G. H. Whiteley of Porter avenue, was a clerk in this store at the time Thomas Lynch was employed there.

It was about 1875 that Mr. Lynch first became associated with H. C. Frick. In that year he began clerking in the Frick company store at Broad Ford. In 1877 H. C. Frick began to expand beyond the confines of the Morgan Valley. At that time Mr. Frick had 200 coke ovens and about 150 men of work. He leased Valley works from William Boyle & Playford. Mr. Frick, in seeking a man to take charge of his new operation, selected the ambitious clerk in his Broad Ford store.

"After these observations I was not surprised to find at the head of a code of rules issued about the mines, and printed not only in English, but in several other languages, 'Safety First' was the keynote."

"It was not a new order. It was as old as the hills. Since Thomas Lynch then and now president of the H. C.



THOMAS LYNCH

## FRICK PLANS TO BE BUILT ON DAY LYNCH IS BURIED.

Announcement has been made that all of the plants of the companies of which Thomas Lynch was president will not work on Friday, the day of the funeral.

Friday is to be a general day-off day at the Frick plants of the region, the Hostetter-Connellsville plants, and the works in other regions as a tribute to the memory of Mr. Lynch.

The companies affected by the order are: The H. C. Frick Coke Company, the Hostetter-Connellsville Coke Company, the Trotter and Mount Pleasant Water Companies, the Union Supply Company, the Shuman Coal & Limestone Company, the National Mining Company, the United States Coal & Coke Company, the United Supply Company, West Virginia, and the Pittston Coal Company of Illinois.

Frick Coke Company, had made this rule. Not the best of the values the Steel Corporation received in 1909 when it absorbed Mr. Lynch's concern was the slogan, "Safety First." Lynch, though if anybody at that time had supposed to the makers of that slogan that this little phrase had a value they would probably have met with derision.

Mr. Lynch promulgated his "Safety First" order just 23 years ago. Immediately following the explosion at Monroeth mines, wherein 121 miners were killed, Mr. Lynch drafted a code of rules following that disaster, in which "Safety First" was the keynote. These rules were for the guidance of one who had just taken place. It is of interest to note that Mr. Lynch promulgated his famous "Safety First" order, there has not been a serious explosion in a single Frick mine."

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(Continued on Page Eight.)

## THREATENS HIS FAMILY; IS SHOT BY A YOUNG BROTHER

Youth Accused of Using Revolver Declares McMillan Was Brandishing Razor.

When Freeman McMillan, 27 years old, threatened to kill his mother and sister at their home in Will's Road about 2 o'clock this afternoon, Harry, a younger brother, took a revolver from a neighbor and shot Freeman through the side.

A half hour later young McMillan gave himself up to patrolman Gregg. In the city hall he told a reporter that his brother drew a razor and threatened to kill the whole family. When he flashed the razor at Harry's face, he shot him.

The ambulance was summoned and McMillan was removed to the Cottage State Hospital. He is not in a serious condition.

The younger brother said Freeman had not been drinking. Information was made against Harry McMillan before Alderman Munk.

## KILLED IN BATTLE

Connellsville Man Learns of Son's Death in France.

Anthony Lacking, a well-known resident of town, has just learned of the death of his son, Joseph Lacking, a soldier in the German army. The young man was killed on one of the French battlefields. He was a member of the 12th United States Cavalry. He was killed on September 25, being among the troops which made the hard drive towards Paris in the early stages of the war. He was 24 years old and had never lived in this country.

In addition to the son who was killed, Mr. Lacking has another son, Bernard, and a son-in-law, Joseph Lacking, fighting with the German armies.

Bernard Lacking, writing to his brother in this country, says that the Germans now have almost a million prisoners.

## DESERVED, IS CLAIM.

Wife Says Husband Left Her Eleven Days After Marriage.

Mrs. Margaret Addis, of Ninth street Greenwood, entered suit yesterday in Calontown against her husband, Edmund Addis, charging him with desertion.

Mrs. Addis claims that eleven days after their marriage her husband deserted her. Addis is employed in J. E. Black's store at Dickerson Run.

Mrs. Addis before Judge Umhel ordered Addis to pay the costs and \$12 a month to his wife.

## TROOPS WITHDRAWN.

Cavalry Company First to Leave the Colorado Strike Zone.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—Troop L of the 12th United States Cavalry, on patrol duty in the Oak Creek district, near county, Colorado, since last May, was ordered today to return to its home station at Fort Meade, S. D.

Orders for the gradual withdrawal of the other federal troops sent into Colorado to quell the mining disorders are in preparation.

Twenty-five in line. On account of the long session of police court this morning breakfast was not served until 9 o'clock. Twenty-five were in line.

Reminding Its Tracks. The West View is making repairs to its tracks near the old Trotter school.

## COUNCIL FAILS TO DISCUSS BUDGET; MEMBER IS ABSENT

Illness of Mr. Hooper Causes Delay in Appropriation Measures, Now Pending.

City council failed to begin work on the budget for the coming fiscal year when it met for evening in special session. Councilman T. J. Hooper being unable to attend because of illness, it was decided to defer introducing the appropriation measure until Mayor McMillan calls another meeting in 15 minutes. Councilman Gans submitted the report on the appropriation requested by Tax Collector H. C. Norton for the 1912 duplicate and it was read without comment. The report provides the following expenditures: Appropriated by commissioners \$243,12; By old borough council 68,51; Not taxable 150,80; Appropriations by city 37,50; Expenditures by city 91,15.

With 5 per cent added, the expenditures recommended total \$1,636.94. Mr. Gans explained that most of the expenditures allowed by the city were for the purchase of material, had no record or could not be located. Compared with the 1911 expenditures, the amount shows much closer collection of taxes.

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## RIVER ON RAMPAGE

Rains in Mountains Cause Sudden Rise in Stream.

The rains of yesterday caused the river to go on a rampage. The river began to rise shortly before noon today and by 1 o'clock, the official figures this morning show that the river rose from 1.50 to 2 feet over night. These measurements were taken early this morning.

At noon the river was in a high stage and it is believed will be higher by this afternoon. The river is full of drift ice which was washed from the mountains by the warm rains yesterday.

Last night a wind storm passed over the city. Very little damage was done. The rain of yesterday brought cold weather and this morning a cold and colder weather for tomorrow.

## CHILDREN OPERATED ON.

Four of Them are in Cottage State Hospital.

Charlotte, Henry, of John Marlon, 10 years old; Emma, of John Marlon, 9 years old; Myrtle, of Berger of Scottsdale, 7 years old; A. McMillan, of Connellsville, 19 years old, who was operated on for three operations this morning at the Cottage State Hospital.

George Stockdale of Mount Broad, 38 years old, was admitted for treatment of a leg and knee, operated on by a fall of state. Mrs. Patterson of Mount Pleasant, an Indian, was admitted for an operation.

## MAN X-RAY TAKEN.

Dawson Man Goes to Hospital as Result of Injury.

James Smith of Dawson, who fell about a year ago and suffered a fracture of the hip, had an X-ray picture taken of the injury this morning at the Cottage State Hospital.

Mr. Smith was confined to his home for weeks and yet is unable to walk without the aid of a cane. He is a well known Pittsburg & Lake Erie engineer and has been off duty since the accident. He expects to leave tomorrow for Mount Pleasant, Mich.

## MRS. FREEMAN'S WILL.

Leaves an Estate of \$1,000 to Her Three Children.

In the will of Mrs. Mary L. Freeman of Connellsville township, filed yesterday in Uniontown, an estate valued at \$1,000 was divided among the three children.

She directed that her real estate, consisting of a house and lot in Connellsville township, together with her personal effects, be sold and the proceeds divided among her children, Lloyd, John and Mary L. Freeman. Lloyd Freeman was named executor.

Filed \$5 for Filing.

It was filed by Mayor Marietta this morning for filing. It was filed by Mayor Marietta this morning for filing. It was filed by Mayor Marietta this morning for filing.

Committed for 72 Hours.

Charles Edwards was committed for 72 hours this morning on a drunkenness charge. Edwards was arrested by Patrolman Gregg in the hotel room last night.

## THE WEATHER FORECAST

Fair and colder tonight and Thursday except some flurries near the lakes, with gusts diminishing in the noon weather.

Temperature. 1914 1913  
Maximum 74 36  
Minimum 28 22  
Mean 51 29  
The Young river rose during the night from 1.50 to 2 feet.

## BEFRIENDS AN OLD GERMAN; RECEIVES HIS \$2,000 ESTATE

Alverton Woman Gets Unexpected Legacy in Return for Kindness.

Also Gives Her His Store

When August Smith Dies His Will Turns Up Giving His Belongings to Wife of Friend Who Cared for Him During the Weeks That He Was Sick.

As a result of her kindness to a friendless German, Mrs. George Liveston of Alverton, has just received \$2,000 which the man had saved, and is given his little store as well. At the time she took care of the old man Mrs. Liveston had no idea that he was comparatively well-to-do, nor did she have any idea that he would provide for her in his will.

August Smith was the benefactor. Smith appeared in Alverton about 15 years ago. He worked around and finally started a little store, which apparently was fairly profitable. George Liveston, an invalid, and his wife lived nearby. Mr. Liveston, who practices a wheel chair, spent much of his spare time in Smith's store and the two became friends.

Some weeks ago Smith complained to Liveston that he was feeling badly. Mrs. Liveston, hearing of this, insisted that the German give up his little room in the rear of the store, and come to the Livestons' home. There she cared for him for more than two weeks.

The German hesitated to accept this care, but Mrs. Liveston refused to permit him to leave. On December 22 he died. Mrs. Liveston bought a lot in the cemetery and had him properly buried.

Some days after the funeral Lyman Liveston, a prosperous farmer of near Alverton, came to Mrs. Liveston, bearing the will of Smith, the German. It gave everything to the woman. The German's estate consisted of his store and more than \$2,000 in cash. Mrs. Liveston and her husband have declared they will run the store in the future.

## FALL IS FATAL

Dunbar Man's Tumble on Ice Street Results in His Death.

Blanchard Williams, 38 years old, died yesterday afternoon at the Uniontown Hospital from injuries suffered last Saturday when he fell on a pavement in Uniontown. The body was removed to Dunbar and prepared for burial by Funeral Director J. R. Foltz.

Deceased was better known as "Boss" Williams, and was well known throughout Fayette county. He was a son of Mrs. Esther Williams and resided in Pittsburg, where he resides in Pittsburg, two brothers, John and Charles, and a sister, Mrs. M. C. Collins, and Mrs. Arthur McGregor of Uniontown, and Mrs. Mary Seybold of Pittsburg.

They Break Into the Store of Henry Rhodes on Main Street.

Thieves entered and ransacked the store of Henry Rhodes on Main street, West side last night and got away with some cash. Entrance was made through a cellar door which the thieves had located.

The cash drawers were ransacked, but only some small change taken. Several postage stamps, a 25-pound sack of sugar, and several cans of sardines were among the missing articles. The robbery was reported to the police this morning.

## GOES TO JAIL.

Negro Is Sent Up for Being Disorderly.

Joe French, colored, was committed to the county jail for 30 days by Mayor Marietta this morning. French was charged with being drunk and disorderly at home and was arrested by Patrolman Washburn last evening.

Information has been made against French before Alderman Munk, charging him with assault and battery. His wife is the prosecutor.

## THREE MINERS KILLED.

Eight of Them are Trapped When Shute Falls.

GREENSVILLE, Ky., Dec. 30.—Three miners were killed and five injured, four seriously, by a fall of slate in a coal mine near here today.

McClelland Kyla, Frank Murphy, both white, and John Reynolds, negro of Greenville, were crushed to death. All the injured miners are white men.

Pat Musicians on Road.

The musical clubs of Pitt passed through this morning on No. 6. They were on their way to Cumberland where they will give a concert this evening. Tomorrow they will play Somerset. The boys were joined here this morning by Ross McGinn, a Pitt student and a member of the club, and L. Guy Garrett, the director.

## HEARING IS POSTPONED.

The hearing of Joe Bettors, colored, which was to have been held last evening before Alderman Eugene O'Donovan of the West Side, was postponed until this evening. Bettors is charged with breaking up a church meeting some time ago.

## TWO BANDITS BOARD TRAIN AND HOLD UP PASSENGERS

Go Through Rear Sleepers, Get Much Booty and Then Make Their Escape.

By Associated Press.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 30.—Two masked men boarded the westbound Sunset express on the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio railway near El Paso, Tex., early today and at the point of pistols robbed all of the passengers in the two rear sleepers. As they neared Spofford, Tex., the robbers gave an air-cord signal for the train to stop, after which they dropped off and escaped. A posse quickly organized by officers aboard the train started in pursuit.

The two men sewing aboard the rear sleeper as the train was leaving El Paso and aroused the porter. With drawn pistols they forced him to awaken the passengers and as fast as the latter left their berths they were robbed of their valuables.

Just how much was taken is not known but it is believed the sum was considerable.

A drawing room in one of the sleeping cars robbed was occupied by a man who took away the only case of jewelry and money. It is not known if he lost it.

The bandits did not have time to rob the occupants of the other three sleeping cars nor the baggage nor the mail cars. There were 29 passengers on the San Antonio car, among them R. C. Watkins, superintendent of the railroad and P. H. Bednarek, chief dispatcher for the division.

## HOMES FOR KIDS

Socialists to Take Care of Children If Strikers are Evicted.

By Associated Press.

WHEELING, W. Va., Dec. 30.—Socialist leaders here today declared that if the striking miners in the Eastern Ohio coal field were evicted from the company houses they now occupy, the Socialists would take care of all children under 12 years who may be affected.

Pope Pius, it was stated at Socialist headquarters, would be distributed among families in the city of Wheeling, Steubenville and Parkersburg and if homes for a greater number are needed an appeal would be made to the National Socialist organization. Long lists of children's names have already been prepared and efforts are being continued to complete the census.

It was stated here today that a meeting of the coal operators of the Eastern Ohio field would be held in Cleveland next Monday at which a unified plan for evicting miners from company houses would be considered. It was also stated that the operators would consider a plan to operate their mines with non-union miners.

"MARTINS FERRY, O., Dec. 30.—Federal aid to settle the strike of 15,000 coal miners in Eastern Ohio is to be sought this afternoon by a committee of men from the Wheeling, W. Va. Board of Trade. This committee plans to call on Congressman W. B. Francis at his home here, across the Ohio river from Wheeling, and also to appeal to Secretary of Labor Wilson at Washington urging that the government try to settle the strike which started the first of April last.

Efforts to enlist the services of the government resulted from the announcement by some operators in the Eastern Ohio field that miners occupying coal company houses would be evicted because they have paid no rent since the strike began.

Congressman Francis was expected to leave for Washington tonight to confer with Secretary of Labor Wilson.

## BLACK HANDERS NABBED

Discovery of Code Book May Reveal Their Secrets.

By Associated Press.

FAIRBANKS, Nev., Dec. 30.—Twenty-five members of a Black Hand gang, are under arrest here for complicity in the killing of two and wounding of a third man at Klamath, near here, on Christmas eve. Jim Reccello, alleged to be leader of the gang, and Leonardo Presone were killed and Charles Remo is thought to be dying.

The discovery of a code book followed the arrest of the 21 prisoners and the police believe that from it they will be able to learn the secrets of the gang and possibly clear the mystery surrounding a number of crimes that have been perpetrated in Marion county during the past few months.

## LOSES AN OVERCOAT.

J. A. Mason Believes One of Three Hoboes Swiped It.

A new overcoat was stolen from the home of J. A. Mason, on South Arch street early this morning. Early this morning three hoboes appeared at J. A. Mason's home. The rear door was unlocked and Mr. Mason believes the thief walked in, took his coat from the rack and left.

The thief evidently had good eyes for he took the new coat and left the old one. Mr. Mason reported the robbery to Chief Dovers.

## Typoid Victim Improves.

Ray Towzey of the South Side who has been ill with typhoid fever is getting along nicely now. Miss Isabel Smith, a student nurse of the Uniontown Hospital, who has been confined to her home on Ninth street, West side, for some time with typhoid fever, has improved greatly but she is still very ill.

Is Operated On.

Mrs. James Mayfield underwent an operation Monday afternoon at her home on Morrell avenue. She is getting along nicely.

## ALLIES ARE CHECKED THE GERMANS SAY

Declare General Joffre's Offensive Movement has Failed.

RUSSIANS CLAIM TO HAVE WON

Insist the Tontou Omrush is Halted After Nightfall Losses; The Baura River Yser of the Last and the Prize for Which Two Armies Battle.

By Associated Press.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—The soldiers of Emperor Nicholas still hold the main German armies in check and continue to press their advantage according to dispatches reaching London. At the same time they are harassing the Austrians who have been thrown back over the Carpathian mountains.

In the western area of war the allies continue to claim slow progress, but the offensive started about the middle of December has noticeably slackened, a fact which Berlin, accepting the order issued by General Joffre, the French commander in chief on December 17, as bona fide, declared, means a failure of the attempted allied advance.

Even some of the British newspapers call attention to the marked decrease of the vigor of the French, British and Belgian thrust at the German lines, but they add that the reason for this quiet soon will be disclosed.

The Baura river, to the west of Warsaw, has now become the Yser of the east. On its banks the Germans have been sacrificing thousands of men as they did in Belgium on the Yser. The crossing which they force at great cost has now been nullified, according to dispatches from Petrograd, the Russians having driven the invaders back to the west bank of the river.

## FRENCH CLAIM PROGRESS; SAY GERMANS ARE BUST.

By Associated Press.

PARIS, Dec. 30.—The official announcement on the progress of the war given out by the French war department this afternoon, reads as follows:

"In Belgium we have won a little territory in the region of Neupont, opposite Tondois and to the north of Lombarderie. The enemy subjected St. George to a violent bombardment. This is the position we are putting in a state of defense.

"We have captured a German point of support located southeast of Zonnebeke and in the vicinity of the Scheldt. From the Ly to the Oise there is nothing to report.

"In the valley of the Aisne and in Champagne the enemy has manifested another burst of activity which has been met by the staff headquarters of a violent artillery fire to which our heavy artillery replied effectively.

"In the Argonne we have made slight progress in the region of Four de Paris.

Between the Argonne and the Moselle there has been cannonading along the entire front, but particularly severe along the heights of the Meuse.

"In the Vosges the enemy delivered an attack against our positions at La Cote de Baix. This was repulsed. In Upper Alsace we are consolidating our positions. Our heavy artillery reduced to silence the German howitzers which were bombarding the upper Asbach."

## AUSTRIANS ADMIT THEY HAD TO WITHDRAW

By Associated Press.

VIENNA, via wireless to London, Dec. 30.—An official communication given out by the staff headquarters admits a retreat by the Austrians in Galicia. The statement says:

"The Russian army which about a week ago commenced an offensive against those of our forces which had crossed the Carpathians has been repulsed with supplementary troops and fresh divisions in such a manner that it is necessary for us to withdraw our troops along the entire eastern front and in the plain of Gorlice, north of the Carpathians.

"The situation in the north has been influenced thereby. In the Balkan theatre the Montenegrins show great but unsuccessful activity."

## BRITISH MINISTERS ARE DISCUSSING U. S. NOT

By Associated Press.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—Foreign Secretary Grey returned to London from the country today. His coming was followed in the afternoon by a meeting of the cabinet at which, before a full muster of his Majesty's ministers, there was discussed the protest of the United States government concerning the existing restrictions on American commerce.

The news of the American government has just only reached the British government and it is likely to occupy the attention of the ministry for a considerable time. In the meantime it is understood that Walter H. Page, the American ambassador, will be invited to go over the entire question with Foreign Secretary Grey.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—Administration officials and all officials Continued on Page Two.





## DUNBAR

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Koser of 1111 S. 11th St. left for the city of Springfield, Ill., on Tuesday morning. Mr. Koser is on a business trip.

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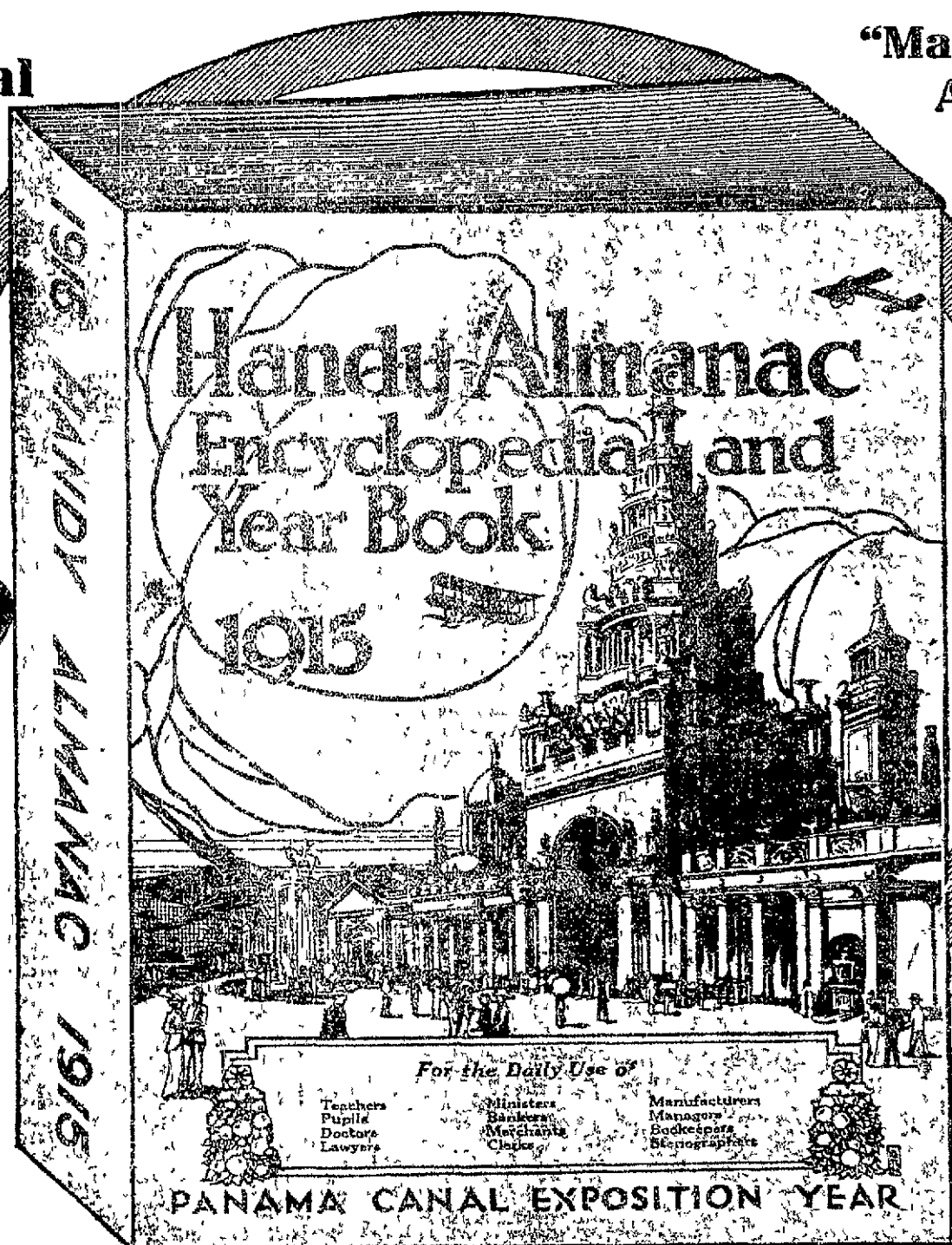
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## The National Hand Book

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Secure Your Copy Today



"Made in America"

Send Copies To Your Friends

## THE GREAT QUESTION

This is your opportunity to secure a copy of the 1915 edition of the greatest single volume book of facts published.

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The Handy Almanac Encyclopedia and Year Book for 1915 is now ready for distribution.

THE MOST COMPLETE COLLECTION OF UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION EVER PUBLISHED

IT is not enough to read the daily papers. Your ability to understand things and to discuss them in an intelligent manner depends on the correct summary you get of the World's facts. All of the very latest and convenient methods of compiling statistics have been brought into play in the making of this great National Hand Book.

25c

NO investment can pay such big dividends as this Book of Reference, which will give you the information you need just when you want it. Will make your conversation entertaining and authoritative, and prove a timely and reliable auxiliary when added to your library.

### MORE THAN A THOUSAND FACTS

Also Special Articles on Timely Subjects such as The Great European War, The Panama Pacific Exposition, The Magnificent National Parks and Monuments of Our Country and The Panama Canal, the greatest piece of engineering of our time.

These articles are interestingly written by authorities and are profusely illustrated. In addition to these there are hundreds of new and interesting features that space will not permit us to tell you about here.

The only way this book can be had is by clipping the Coupon which will be found on another page of this paper and bring or send same to this office, with 25 cents. If the book is to be mailed out of town Six Cents must be added to pay postage.

The Handy Almanac Encyclopedia and Year Book for 1915 contains approximately 300 pages including a carefully prepared index, and numerous illustrations.

## THE DAILY COURIER

\$5.00 WORTH of INFORMATION for the NOMINAL SUM of 25c

### DICKERSON RUN

DICKERSON RUN, Dec. 30.—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Koser of 1111 S. 11th St. left for the city of Springfield, Ill., on Tuesday morning. Mr. Koser is on a business trip.

### SMITHFIELD

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### LAUCHER

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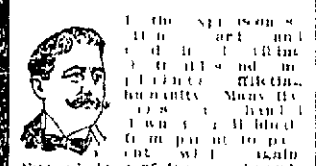
### MOVING AND GENERAL HAULING

Special attention to moving pianos. See J. N. TRUMP, Office 1011 Grape Alley, Opposite P. R. Depot. Both Phones.

### J. B. KURTZ, NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE

No. 3 South Meadow Lane, Connelville, Pa.

### "Every Disease Man is Heir To"



Dr. Barnes, Specialist, 108 W. Main St., Connelville, Pa.

### DR. BARNES, Specialist.

108 W. Main St., Connelville, Pa. Second National Bank, Connelville, Pa. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.





## SCOTSDALE

Scottsdale, Pa. The following are the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of the following officers of the following organizations:

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**All Xmas Novelties 1/4 Off**  
All Christmas novelties consisting of French Ivory, Ribbon novelties, Silver Comb and Brush sets one-fourth off

**KOBACKERS**  
THE BIG STORE  
ON PITTSBURGH ST.

**All Toys at 1/2 Off**  
Our Big Special: Two heaping tables of iron, mechanical and all kinds of toys while they last, all at one-half off.

## OUR Tremendous Reductions on Women's & Misses' Apparel IS STILL IN PROGRESS

**Hundreds Upon Hundreds of Right in Fashion Winter Suits, Coats, Dresses, Skirts, Etc. Are Offered Today and All This Week at One-Third and One-Half Off.**

What this extraordinary offer embraces is not so easy of enumeration. A full description would be too involved—a brief description too inadequate. So we shall not attempt to give either, but the fact that our prices, quality considered, are always appreciably lower than the average in the first place, this extraordinary reduction ought to be of the greatest interest to every economical woman in the city. No matter what appointment or engagement you have. **don't miss this all-important event.**

## ORIOLE

ORIOLE, Dec. 30.—Mrs. John King and her children are here for a few days visiting with old friends. George Hall of West Union was here on business yesterday. Dr. J. H. Brown spent Tuesday in his office here. J. P. Grindle was in town yesterday.

Little of Stewart, were called here yesterday. Miss Mary Stump left last evening for Connellsville for a visit, the past week with her parents here. Mrs. Harry Morrison and daughter, Lucille of Sugar Land were shopping in town yesterday. Clifford Morrison of Sugar Land was in town yesterday. Downer Sallor, who has been in the past week, has resumed his duties in the Kendall Timber Company store.

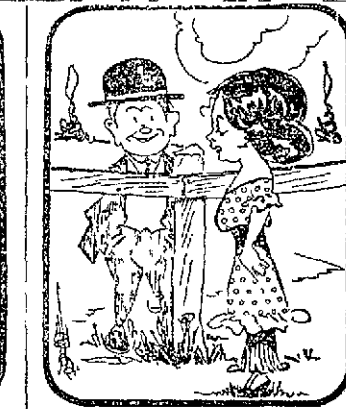
**Farewell to 1914**  
It has been a pretty strenuous year for me, but I cheer up. Good things are coming. Let's all pull together to make 1915 a hummer. We offer our services in all your monetary relations and with you a happy and prosperous New Year.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
"The Bank That Does Things For You"  
129 W. Main St., Connellsville, Pa.  
Savings

**The Test of Experience**  
amply proves that the most substantial advancement is made by having a bank account—to which regular deposits are made. Do not speculate. For safety start an account with us. 4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.



**NOT AT ALL**  
Cholly: Does your sister object to making in the prior?  
Willie: Now just offer her a cork and a hot one.



**SUREST THING I KNOW**  
She: I love the autumn when everything is turning to gold.  
He: I suppose your hair'll be turning next.

**Soisson Paving Block**  
A Synonym for Excellence.  
Abrasion Loss per cent 19.26  
Absorption Gain per cent 2.25  
Crushing Strength per sq. in. 12,975 lbs.  
Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, Oct. 14, 1914. John M. Bailey, Secretary.  
Shipments during month of October, 9 in. count, 2,055,963.  
75% of our ten plants running full on Paving Block and High Grade Building Brick.  
**Joseph Soisson Fire Brick Co.**  
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

**Efficient Service and Courteous Treatment**  
Have enabled us within the past year, to double the number of our customers. Quite a number of persons and societies with surplus funds who do not want to tie up their money subject to the rules of a regular 4% account are taking advantage of our special 3% accounts. If you are a customer at this bank you will find us willing to extend any reasonable accommodation or satisfactory security.  
**Our Customers Always Receive the Preference.**  
If you have a little ready money it will pay you to open an account with us, become acquainted and take advantage of our service.  
**The Colonial National Bank**  
of Connellsville, Pa. Main and Pittsburg Sts.  
1% interest paid on Current and Time Deposits. Foreign Department equipped to give the best of service.

## A few cents PAID EACH WEEK INTO THE YOUGH TRUST CO. CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB

Will bring you a check for  
**\$63.75--\$25.50--\$12.75**  
(or larger amounts if you wish)  
Just before Christmas when you will need money to buy relatives and friends the customary presents which go to make the day and season the merriest of the year.

If you become a member you will be sure to have money when you need it most.

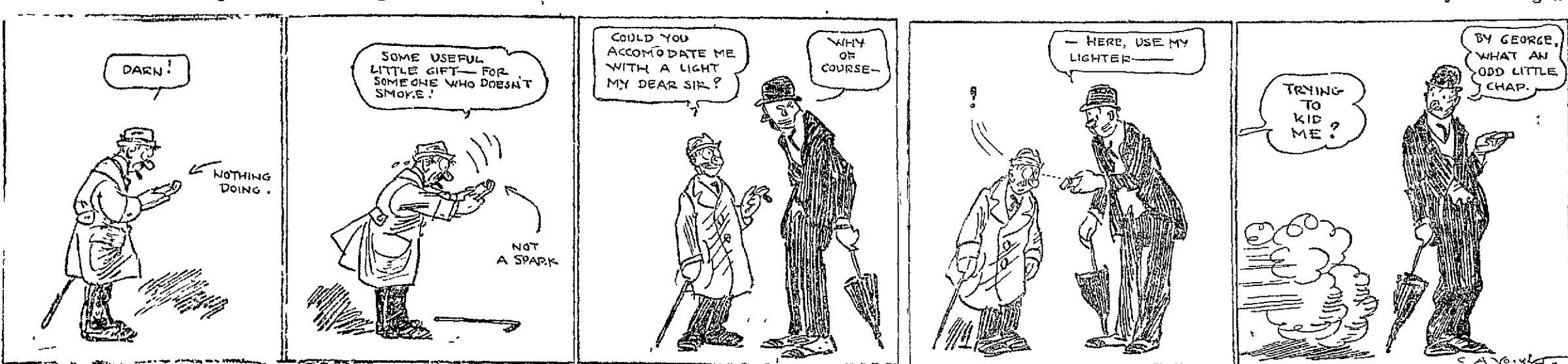
**JOIN TO-DAY—Get your Father, Mother, Sisters and Brothers to join.**

**EVERYBODY—old or young is welcome to join**

Ask us all about it—Call, write or phone.

**YOUGH TRUST CO.**  
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

**PETEY DINK—The Strange Person Is Coaxing Trouble.**



By C. A. Voight.

# WOMEN OF WORLD SHOULD STOP THE WAR, SAYS MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Famous Singer Declares Burden of Misery and Suffering Caused by Titanic Struggle Falls Most Heavily Upon Women, Who Alone Have Power to End It.

## MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK ON THE WAR.

The women of the world have the power to end the war. There should be a great uprising, a universal protest of the women of all countries.

Back of the marvelous prosperity of Germany stands the German woman. It is she who has contributed most to it. It is a glorious thing to fight and die for one's country, but it is the women who suffer most cruelly.

Cannot all the women of the world unite to stop this horror? We have seen the suffragettes fighting for a cause infinitely less important.

I appeal to every woman's heart to unite to stop this bloodshed.

There is probably no woman in the world who could better voice the true feelings of womanhood toward the world war than Mme. Schumann-Heink, the well known operatic star. While her career as a singer has been a long and busy one, she has remained through it all a genuine womanly fondness for domestic life and has reared a large family of children. Though born in Austria, she has made her home in this country for many years and has taken American citizenship in order that her children may be true Americans. At the outbreak of the war Mme. Schumann-Heink was in Germany and was able to see what it meant to the women of that country and the other countries involved. Out of the fullness of her knowledge and sympathy for the silent suffering victims of war's folly she speaks in the following interview:

"I would gladly lend a hand of women between the battle lines if I could help to end this frightful war. I would be willing to die in the cause," Mme. Schumann-Heink spoke quietly, almost gently, and yet with an intensity of feeling that thrilled the interviewer, who somehow had not expected such an utterance.

"The women of the world have the power to end this awful war," continued Mme. Schumann-Heink. "There should be a great uprising, a universal protest of the women of all countries. Women have the power, and it is they who suffer most cruelly from the hor-

rors of such a struggle. It is time to take heroic measures. We have seen women parading with flags, even fighting for the right to vote, which is infinitely less important.

"Think, for example, of the women of Germany. I speak of them because I know them better than the women of the other warring countries, but the suffering of all is the same. The Germans love their homes perhaps more than any other people in the world. They are passionately devoted to their families and the beautiful family life which one finds in all classes throughout the empire. Has not the German Christmas had its influence in every country in the world? The German love for children, young and old, and their effort to make them happy are ideal. The German Santa Claus, the Christmas tree, German toys and German folklore are familiar the world over. Every one who loves children owes a debt of gratitude to the German genius for making children happy, especially at the Christmas season.

"Nowhere is the education or training of children carried on with more intelligence and love than in Germany. The kindergarten methods in use all over the United States come from Germany, and throughout the educational system, even of our universities, German methods are admired and copied. Is it reasonable, is it sane, to believe that we rear our children with the fondest care to have them mowed down like animals? It is absurd to suppose that the Germans who love their children so dearly should desire to send them out to serve as cannon fodder.

"The women of Germany have contributed in very large measure to the prosperity and greatness of the fatherland. We need a great deal of sympathy about the wonderful wealth of Germany, which will enable her to carry on this frightful war. It is the thrift, energy and frugality of the German women which have made this possible. Back of the marvelous prosperity of Germany to recent years stands the German woman. It is she who has learned to live economically and raise a large family and put by a little money regularly on an income which would be considered very small indeed in America.

"In all Germany there is no dire poverty such as we find in most other countries. The German cities have no slums such as are to be found in the great cities of most countries and even in many smaller cities and towns. Germany is a small country comparatively,

but her people have made the most of their opportunity and as the result of years of patient effort have made it a great and rich land. Why is it that the German farms produce so much more for their size than the farms of any other country? The land is no better. It may not be so good, and yet from this limited territory has been developed a wonderful degree of prosperity. And if you look into the causes you will find the patient, industrious, industrious back of it all.

"And is all this labor to be thrown away and waste then thrown away in this frightful war? The Germans would be fools to rush willingly into a war which would in a few weeks destroy the labor of years. No; they did not want war. It is against the German ideals of home and thrift and love of family. No one who knows the German people can accuse them of wanting this war.

"There seems to be a general misapprehension here in America as to the attitude of the German people toward the Kaiser. The German people do not think of him as the exalted, unapproachable figure, the 'war lord,' as he is called here. Every German, even the humblest citizen, on the other hand, regards the Kaiser with affection. They look upon him as one of themselves. They know that he has their best interests at heart. He would be the last one in the empire to sacrifice their lives merely to gratify a personal ambition.

"How absurd it is to picture the Emperor as a selfish, ambitious ruler, who is willing to crush his people to advance his own interests! If any proof were needed to refute this idea there is the fact that the Kaiser has sent his six sons to the war to face exactly the same dangers as the common soldiers. He has sent even the most studious of his sons, who would in times of peace be in some university, and by a curious chance he has been the first to be wounded. Is it any wonder that the German people throughout the empire love and admire the Kaiser? It is easy to understand why the whole German people have risen as one man to respond to the call to arms.

"Germany did not want this war. I was in Germany when the struggle commenced, and I know from my own observation that the German people were wholly unprepared for the news. The news was passed from one to another throughout the great audience. I could feel the unrest, the suppressed excitement, although no word was uttered. The excitement was infectious. And when finally the curtain fell upon the act I hurried to the wings



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MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

"I was singing in opera at Baltimore at the very hour when war was declared. The news was passed from one to another throughout the great audience. I could feel the unrest, the suppressed excitement, although no word was uttered. The excitement was infectious. And when finally the curtain fell upon the act I hurried to the wings

difficult as the task was. The audience began to disappear, and the last act was given to an almost empty house. The audience rushed to the carriages and automobiles and hurried away to respond to the call to arms and take their places in the struggle. I remained for a few days. I saw two trains leaving with soldiers for the front. It was heartbreaking. I could not stand it, and I hurried away to the mountains to try to escape from such scenes. The trains went out crowded with laughing, cheering men. They were delighted to serve their fatherland and went willingly to face the enemy. It is a glorious thing to fight and die for one's country. But I realized then as never before that it is the women who are left behind who suffer most cruelly. It was a scene never to be forgotten. Until the trains actually started the women, the wives and mothers, who had come to say farewell, bore up with wonderful bravery and self-possession. And then the trains carrying their loved ones drew away, and I saw hundreds of women driven almost mad with grief. They rushed after the train shrieking and calling the names of their children, their loved ones, weeping in despair."

Mme. Schumann-Heink rose, with her arms extended, and repeated the cries of the distraught women with intense dramatic expression. "No one could watch the suffering of these poor women," she continued, "without an aching heart. I realized as never before the unspeakable horror of war and the bravery and fortitude of these German wives and mothers. Their bravery is greater than that of the men on the battlefield, and their suffering is more intense. They saw their loved ones leave, many of them never to return, and they must remain quietly and take up the burden of their lives unaided. And if their land is invaded, such is the spirit of the German women, they will themselves take up arms if need be in its defense."

"To try to escape from these heart-rending scenes I left the cities, going to a hotel far up in the mountains. Even there, however, I could not get away from these horrors. I stopped at a hotel which had been run by a family that had spent a lifetime in this work. They had commenced in a humble way and gradually built up their business. It was a typical German family, a happy German home. With the call to arms, however, the father and the sons had dropped everything and hurried to the front, leaving the women of the family to shift for themselves. The

family was broken up, all the beautiful plans for the future destroyed in an hour. Here again it was the women who must struggle on alone.

"Wherever one goes in Germany it is the same. A little later I saw the wounded being brought back from the front. It was all so pitiable. And the wounds in this war, I am told, are so frightful. Many of the men have been wounded in the face, from lying in trenches. I saw these poor fellows blinded for life, with their faces horribly mangled. Many of the bullets make great torn wounds which are very difficult to treat."

"I am not a politician, and I am not discussing the rights or wrongs of the causes leading to this frightful war. I am only a woman, but I am a mother, and as such I protest with my heart and soul against this wicked, horrible war. We call ourselves civilized, and we coolly invent and build these weapons which now mow down rows upon rows of living men. This is not war. It is slaughter, horrible and unthinkable. And they say the war is hardly commenced. What unspeakable suffering are we to endure before it is over? Within a few hours I have heard from Germany that the children of my dearest friend have been lost. I call them children, for I have known them since I held them on my knee. I never weep or I should cry for them. The thought of this suffering almost drives me mad. I have not slept since I heard of it. What gain can come with victories which will in the slightest degree justify such a war? What is the gain or loss of some small piece of land compared with the suffering of millions of families, wounds which will not heal for generations?"

"Cannot the women, not alone the German women, but all the women of the world, unite to stop this horror? We have seen the suffragettes fighting for a cause infinitely less important. If they can organize and argue and even fight for a vote, why do they not rise now in a vigorous protest? I am not criticizing any one. I do not wish to antagonize any one. The great problem before us women is too great for that. I am sick with the horror of it all, and I would appeal to every woman's heart to unite to stop this bloodshed."

"Here it is the Christmas season, the time of peace on earth, good will to men, and the war still goes on. What a mockery! At the time when only happiness should enter our homes I read only of millions of homes being destroyed."

## INSANITY CLAIMS BRITISH FIGHTERS

Numerous Unwounded Returning to England Crazy.

BAD TEETH, TOO, DISABLE.

Cold and Dampness in Trenches Cause Neuritis and Put Soldiers Out of Business—Dentists Being Sent to the Front as Fast as They Can Be Recruited to Treat the Defective Molars.

Insanity and nervous prostration are claiming large numbers of the British who have been in the trenches under German fire for weeks under Ypres, according to a Southampton dispatch. The insanity wards in the big government hospital at Netley, England, are filled to overflowing, and all the hospitals in the south of England have many patients who have suffered nervous collapse and have been sent back for treatment.

Most of the cases show decided improvement as soon as the men get into new surroundings and have quiet. Many of the patients suffering with nervous afflictions said when they left Belgium that they could never endure further service under the fire of heavy guns, but nevertheless they clamored to return to the field of action as soon as they got a grasp on their nerves.

A large number of invalided soldiers have never been touched by a bullet or a shell and show no physical signs of disability. Some of the most desperate cases are men who were terribly shocked by shells exploding near them.

A boy of eighteen, who recently left Netley to visit his relatives in Manchester, was buried through the air for fifty feet by the force of an exploding shell, not a fragment of which touched him. Both ear drums were broken, and he was unconscious several days. His brain was so affected that he was unable to see anything for weeks in case he became the least excited. When he left Netley hospital he still walked unsteadily and complained that dark spots frequently appeared before his eyes.

Shoot Own Hands and Feet.

As is the case in nearly all military action, soldiers are on each occasion found shooting their own hands and feet or exposing their arms and hands to the fire of the enemy that they may get wounds which will relieve them

from service in the trenches. This is attributed to shattered nerves in many cases, although there are occasional courts martial in cases where there is reason to believe that cowardice inspired such action.

Bad teeth are playing havoc with the English troops exposed to cold and dampness in the trenches. As fast as they can be recruited dentists are being sent to the front to treat defective teeth, which have caused neuritis and disabled men otherwise sound.

Recruiting officers were at first very particular about the teeth of applicants for admission to the army, but it soon became necessary to let down the bars. As the middle and lower class people of England take indifference to their mouths and seldom have their teeth treated, dental troubles have been numerous.

"I am not going to bite the Germans," was the protest of an Englishman turned down at the opening of the war because of defective teeth. But the developments of the last three months have shown that no soldier is any better than his teeth. Inability to masticate the coarse army fare properly has incapacitated large numbers of soldiers who were not actually forced to leave the front because of aching teeth and swollen jaws, aggravated by standing for days in wet trenches.

It is not unusual to see new recruits who have part of their front teeth missing and others badly decayed. But such men are turned over to the dental corps as rapidly as possible and given careful treatment. If recruiting officers in England were to demand the sound teeth required for admission to the American army they would get few recruits.

### Cheese Toast.

Allow as many thin slices of stale bread as will be used at the meal. For six slices allow half a cupful of grated dry cheese (not too dry). In a saucepan melt and mix together one large tablespoonful of butter, two large spoonfuls of flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika. Stir in gradually one pint of hot milk, making a smooth paste. Keep hot at the side of the fire. Toast the bread nicely. Stir the cheese into the sauce and as soon as melted pour over the buttered toast. Cover a moment that it may soak; then serve.—Boston Post.

### Webster's Father.

Daniel Webster's father's name was Ebenezer Webster. He was born in Kingston, N. H., in 1723, served in the French war under Sir Jeffrey Amherst and was one of the first settlers of what is now Franklin, N. H., in 1761. He died in 1835, when Daniel was twenty-four years of age.

## ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

Once Famed For Its Forests, It Has Had a Stirring History.

Cyprus is an island in the Mediterranean which has figured largely in the history of Europe. Famed in antiquity for its forests, today, except for the pine woods on the summit of its historic mountain, it is largely bare and treeless. From Egypt, came monarchs to find timber for their fleets, and from Athens and Rome men to work its rich copper mines. The Apostle Paul visited Cyprus in his first great missionary journey, and Mark went there later with Barnabas.

At the division of the Roman empire Cyprus went to the Byzantine emperors. In the twelfth century England took the island and sold it to the Knights Templars, who in turn sold it to the king of Jerusalem. In 1570 the Turks sent 20,000 men against Cyprus. Nicosia, its capital, was taken after a forty-five day siege, and 20,000 people were put to the sword. In 1878 England and Turkey entered into an agreement whereby Turkey retained sovereignty over the island, while England took charge of its administration.

Cyprus is 148 miles long, from forty to fifty miles wide and is about 3,000 square miles in area, with a fertile plain separating northern and southern mountain ranges. The island produces copper, gold, silver, asbestos, gypsum, red jasper, cotton, wheat, barley, tobacco, silk and fruits. Wine is its best-known product. The water supply is meager, but the climate is healthy.—National Geographic Society's Bulletin.

### His Bad Handwriting.

Dean Farrar in his "Reminiscences" says that the first proof of Dean Stanley's "Sinal and Palestine" informed the reader that from the monastery of Sinal was visible "the horn of the burning bush." This was a fairly apocalyptic nightmare of the printer's devil for "the horizon of the burning bush." The original proof sheets also stated that on turning the shoulder of Mount Olivet in the walk from Bethlehem "there suddenly burst upon the spectator a magnificent view of—Jerusalem." In this startling sentence "Jerusalem" was the transcription of "Sinal" the dean's abbreviated way of writing "Jerusalem." When the dean answered an invitation to dinner his hostess had been known to write back and inquire whether his note was an acceptance or a refusal.

### Line of Perpetual Frost.

The line of perpetual frost at the equator is at an altitude of 15,000 feet; in the northern states of this country at an altitude of about 4,000 feet.

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.—Spanish Proverb.

## Little Odd Bits Of War News

Announcement was made that the British war office requires immediately for service on the continent a thousand chauffeurs and motor truck drivers between the ages of twenty and forty-five.

At a meeting of the Dancing Masters' academy in Paris a letter was read from President Le Fort, now a soldier at the front, proposing that all Austrian and German dances be suppressed.

A correspondent of the Paris Matin in Berlin says Americans speak French in the streets of Berlin on account of the degree of hatred against the English and the comparatively solid feeling against France.

General Joffre, the French commander in chief, entertained at a luncheon at headquarters certain important politicians, one of whom asked him what his plans were. General Joffre replied in military slang, "For the moment I am just nibbling at the Germans."

The feeling between the German soldiers and the British is extremely bitter. Wherever the Germans oppose the British the fighting is reported to be incessant. Between the Germans and the French there is a more cordial feeling. Near Combray the French soldiers to the trenches signaled a message to the opposing German soldiers. "This is our colonel's birthday." The Germans passed the word along the trenches and replied: "We won't shoot much today. Let the colonel enjoy the day."

### She Knew How.

They had been married but a few weeks when they decided to have a turkey dinner for some friends. The young wife was very inexperienced in cooking and spent some time in consulting her cookbook. The bird arrived, and the young husband asked: "Don't you know how to do it, dear?"

"They both gazed solemnly at the turkey for a moment, and then the wife replied: "Yes, darling, it's all quite clear except one thing, and I can't quite understand that."

"And what is that, love?" asked the young husband anxiously. "Why, the book says, 'First clean your turkey,'" replied she, "and I'm wondering whether I should use toilet or regular scouring soap."—Boston Herald.

## MILITARY STRATEGY.

Why More Is Gained by Wounding Than by Killing an Enemy.

In a letter to the Army and Navy Journal a retired army officer says that no intelligent soldier will fire a dum-dum or an explosive bullet at the enemy, for they both kill.

The object of the rifleman is not to kill an enemy, but to wound him. "A dead man is simply one soldier lost from his army. He is not a burden to any one. A wounded soldier must be taken care of. Four wounded soldiers must have an ambulance with two horses and an able-bodied soldier driver. Thirty wounded soldiers must have a surgeon, a hospital steward and ten or a dozen able-bodied soldiers to aid the doctor and wait upon and nurse the wounded men. The ambulances block the roads and delay the troops, especially the artillery and the supply wagons."

"When a man is hurt every one is anxious to get him at once to a doctor. If the troops on the firing line are not well disciplined and a soldier is wounded there will be three or four soldiers who are willing and anxious to carry him to the rear."

"For every soldier wounded the firing line loses four soldiers, and a hundred men wounded means that 400 men are lost to the firing line, for they never rejoin their regiments until the battle is over."

## MADE CARNEGIE REJOICE.

"Happiest Man in the World? When Morgan Took Steel Off His Hands."

"Pierpont, I am the happiest man in the world. I have unburdened the burden upon your back; now I am off to Europe to play," said Andrew Carnegie to J. P. Morgan when the deal was closed by which the Carnegie properties passed to the United States Steel corporation, according to David A. Reed of Pittsburgh in his argument before the federal circuit court in Philadelphia in the suit of the government for the dissolution of the Steel corporation for alleged violation of the Sherman anti-trust law.

Mr. Reed is counsel of the corporation. He said he got the quoted words from his father, James H. Reed, who is a director of the corporation and overheard them. "Mr. Carnegie's one thought," Mr. Reed said, "was to retire from a long business career and devote his time to philanthropy, and he saw to the opportunity most magnificently. Counsel for the other side have referred to Mr. Carnegie as a conspirator. In the light of what he has done with his fortune for the good of mankind, to refer to him in terms applied to wretched criminals in the dock is unworthy of the government."

## STORY OF FLIGHT OF THAW IN AUTO

Slipped Through Matteawan Gate Opened by Milkman.

HE WENT FIRST TO CANADA.

Former District Attorney Jerome, Who Prosecuted Originally Case of Stanford White's Slayer, Sought to Extradite Him From New Hampshire, and Awaited Supreme Court Decision.

Harry Thaw, who the United States supreme court decided must be surrendered by the state of New Hampshire to New York for conspiring in connection with his sensational escape from the Matteawan Asylum for the Criminal Insane, has been absent from the asylum over a year.

Thaw shot Stanford White on June 25, 1906, and he was committed to the Matteawan asylum on Feb. 1, 1908. After trying all his attempts to get free from the asylum he resolved on the more direct method. He slipped through the gate of the asylum opened by the milkman on Aug. 17, 1913. Two automobiles provided by former New York Assemblyman Richard Butler were in waiting, one at the gate and another high powered car half a mile away. He zigzagged through New York and New Hampshire and was forced to take a train to Manchester, N. H., when his cash ran out. He continued into Canada by train and was recognized on Aug. 10 by a sheriff from New Hampshire. The sheriff did not arrest him, however, with the train had crossed the Canadian line, and this precipitated the fight between the New York and Canadian authorities.

On a faulty complaint, which afterward became famous because of the legal tangles it brought on, Thaw was lodged in the jail of the district of St. Francis at Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada, although no definite charge was made against him. Thaw filed the jail and sought to stay there so as to be safe from the New York authorities.

Thaw's host of Canadian lawyers secured the Doubtless law for a chance to save him. First they said he was a tourist, but Thaw had no railroad ticket, and that plan failed. The Canadian immigration office sought to deport him as an undesirable, and plans were made to bring on a fight against deportation to the Canadian court of last resort, the king's privy council, as

a violation of treaty rights.

Dragged Over Canadian Line.

This was the condition of affairs when Jerome was sent to Canada to help out District Attorney Conger of Dutchess county, who had followed on Thaw's trail. Thaw was very comfortably located in his refuge cell in the Sherbrooke jail when he was forcibly ejected, the Canadian authorities holding that he was held on a faulty commitment. Thaw fought hard to stay in jail, but found himself in the hands of the much feared immigration authorities. At the very time when half a dozen legal moves were under way to save him the Canadian immigration officials boldly dragged him over the Canadian line on an order from the board of inquiry. Thaw was turned loose at Norton's Mills, Vt., without money. He got as far as Colebrook, N. H., where he was placed under arrest on a warrant charging him with conspiring to escape from Matteawan. Jerome filed extradition papers with Governor Feltner.

Thaw sued out a writ of habeas corpus, however, on the ground that he was illegally detained on the conspiracy charge. It was argued before Judge Aldrich of the federal district court at Littleton, N. H. Judge Aldrich ruled in favor of Thaw, raising the question whether New York could charge an insane man with a crime.

Lived Well in New Hampshire.

Governor Feltner gave Thaw a hearing in Concord, and on Nov. 8, 1913, the chief justice decided to honor the New York requisition. The result of Jerome's appeal from Judge Aldrich's decision to the United States supreme court was still awaited, however, and Judge Aldrich appointed a commission to determine whether it would be safe to release Thaw on bail. This commission brought in a report favorable to Thaw on Jan. 11, 1914. The report said that Thaw would not be a public menace if set free.

Thaw has lived well in New Hampshire, but has been accompanied at all times by a special officer assigned by the federal district court. He spent the summer at Gorham, in the White mountains, and he motored over most of the mountain section. His favorite sport has been trout fishing.

On Oct. 5 Thaw went to Manchester, N. H., and rented a fine home in the best residential district. He attended most of the football games in Manchester this fall and also visited several of the churches on Sundays.

### The Devil's Wall.

Between England and Scotland stand the ruins of the old Roman wall known as the Devil's wall, owing to the belief of the peasantry that on account of the grimness of the mortar and the imperishability of the stones Satan had a hand in its construction.—Argonaut.



# Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green

Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes

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"It's a lie, an awful, abominable lie. But think of such a lie being passed up on that dreadful bridge for anyone to see. After twelve years, Mrs. Scoville!"

"Miss Weeks!" Ah, the oil of that golden speech on troubled waters! What was its charm? "Let me see them here or what there is left of them so that I may share your feelings. They must be dreadful!"

"They are more than dreadful. They are for the kitchen fire. Wait a moment and then we will talk."

But Deborah had no mind to let these pieces escape her eye. Nor did she fall. At the end of fifteen minutes she had the torn bits of paper arranged in their proper position and was reading these words:

The scene of Oliver's death crime. "The beginning of the end!" was Deborah's thought. "If, after Mr. Black's efforts, a charge like this is found posted up in the public ways, the rule of the Ostrander is determined upon, and nothing we can do can stop it."

In five minutes more she had made good by Miss Weeks and was on her way to the courthouse. As she approached it she was still further alarmed by finding this square full of people, standing in groups or walking impatiently up and down with their eyes fixed on the courthouse doors. Within, there was the uneasy hum, the anxious look, the subdued movement which mark an unusual surprise. Announcement had been made that the jury had reached their verdict, and counsel were reuniting their places and the judge his seat.

Those who had eyes only for the latter—and these were many—judged a change in him. He looked older by years than when he delivered his charge. Not the prisoner himself gave greater evidence of the effort which this hour of waiting had had upon a heart whose covered griefs were continuously or unconsciously revealing themselves to the public eye. He did not wish this man sentenced. This was shown by his charge—the one he would one day have given in all his career.

Silence, that awful precursor of doom, lay in all its weight upon every ear and heart as the clerk, advancing with the cry, "Order in the court," put his momentous question.

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you ready with your verdict?"

A hush—then, the clear voice of the foreman:

"We are."

"How do you find? Guilty or not guilty?"

Another hesitation. Did the foreman feel the throat lurking in the air?



"Come Here, Child," said he, in a Way to Make Her Heart Beat.

about him? If so, he failed to show it in his tones as he uttered the words which sentenced the prisoner.

"Not guilty."

A groan from the crowd, almost like that of a heart stirring in its lair, then a quick cessation of all hubbub as every one turned to the judge to whose one-sided charge they attributed this release.

Deborah experienced in her quiet corner an alleviation of the fear which had brought her into this forbidding seat and held her breathless through these formalities.

For the end was not yet. Through all the turmoil of noisy departure and the drifting out into the square of a vast, disaffected throng, she had caught the flash of a bit of paper thrust into the hands of the news of people to one (she knew) passing from hand to hand, toward the solitary figure of the judge, its delay as it reached the spot where between the last row of seats and the judge's bench and his last deliverer, by some obvious hand, she thrust it upon his notice just as he was rising to leave.

Deborah saw his finger tear its way through the envelope and his eyes fall bravely on the paper he drew out.

Then the people's counsel and the counsel for the defense and such clerks and hangers on as still lingered in the upper room experienced a decided sensation.

The judge, who a moment before had towered above them all in majesty but impressive dignity, shrank with one gasp into feebleness and sank back stricken, if not unconscious into his chair.

It happened suddenly and showed her the same figure she had seen once before—a man with faculties suspended, but not impaired, faring them all with open rage but absolutely dead for the moment to his own condition and the world about.

But, horrible as this was, what she saw going on behind him was infinitely worse. A man had caught up the bit of paper Judge Ostrander had let fall from his hand and was opening his lips to read it to the curious people surrounding him.

She tried to stop him. She forced a cry to her lips which should have rung through the room, but which died away on the air unheard. The terror which had paralyzed her limbs had choked her voice.

But her ears remained true. Low as he spoke, no trumpet-call could have made its meaning clearer to Deborah Scoville than did these words:

We know why you fear criminals. A crime years in a long time, but not long enough to make wise men forget.

## CHAPTER XII.

"The Misfortunes of My House." Schooling as most of them were to face with minds secure and tempers quite unruffled the countless surprises of a courtroom, the persons within hearing paled at the insinuation conveyed in those two sentences, and with scarcely the interchange of a glance or word, drew aside in a silence which no man seemed inclined to break.

As for the person still huddled in the doorway, they rushed away helter-skelter into the street, there to proclaim the judge's condition and its probable cause—an event which to many quite eclipsed in interest the more ordinary one which had just returned to free him a man seemingly doomed.

Few persons were now left in the great room, and Deborah, embarrassed to find that she was the only woman present, was on the point of escaping from her corner when she perceived a movement take place in the rigid form from which she had not yet withdrawn her eyes, and, regarding Judge Ostrander more attentively, she caught the gleam of his suspicious eyes as he glanced this way and that to see if his lapse of consciousness had been noticed by those about him.

Wherever the judge looked he saw abstracted faces and busy hands, and, taking heart at not finding himself watched, he started to rise. Then memory came—blowing, overwhelming memory of the letter he had been reading; and, rousing with a start, he looked down at his hand, then at the floor before him, and, seeing the letter lying there, picked it up with a secret, sidelong glance to right and left, which sank deep into the heart of the still watchful Deborah.

If those about him saw, they made no motion. Not an eye looked round and not a head turned as he straightened himself and proceeded to leave the room. Only Deborah noted how his steps faltered and how little he was to be trusted to find his way unguided to the door. It lay to the right and he was going left. Now he stumbled—was there any one to—yes, she is not the sole one on watch. The same man who had read aloud the note and then dropped it within reach, had stepped after him, and kindly, if artfully, turned him towards the proper place of exit. As the two disappeared, Deborah wakes from her trance, and, finding herself alone among the seats, hurries to quit her corner and leave the building.

The glare—the noise of the square, as she dashes down into it seems for the moment unendurable. The pushing, panting mass of men and women of which she has now become a part, closes about her, and for the moment she can see nothing but faces—faces with working mouths and blazing eyes. Thick as the crowd was in front, it was even thicker here, and far more tumultuous. Word had gone about that the father of Oliver Ostrander had given his lesson at last, and the proud Ostrander would bear himself in his precipitate downfall. They had crowded there to see and they would see.

He was evidently not prepared to see his path quite so heavily marked out for him by the gaping throng; but after one look, he assumed some show of his old commanding presence and advanced heavily down the steps, sawing some, and silencing all, until he had reached his carriage step and the protection of the officers on guard.

Then a foot rose from some far off quarter of the square, and he turned short about and the people saw his face. Deborah had seized it, and it

any one there desired vengeance, he had it. The knell of active life had been rung for this man. He would never remount the courthouse steps, or face again a respectful jury.

As for Deborah, she had shrank out of sight at his approach, but as soon as he had faded off she looked eagerly for a taxicab to carry her in his wake. She could not let him ride that mile alone. She was still fearful for him, though the mass of people about her was rapidly dissolving away, and the streets growing clear.

She can see his carriage now. Held up for a moment by the crowd, it has broken through, and is rolling quickly towards Ostrander lane. But the mob is following, and she is yet far behind.

Shouting to the chauffeur to hasten, the impatient look! hunk! of the cab adds its rancorous note to the turmoil! They have dashed through one group—they are dashing through another—naught can withstand an outflashing automobile. She catches glimpses of raised arms threatening; of anger, of stolid, unfeeling, and of furious faces—and her breath held back during that last instant of wild passage rushes painfully forth again.

Ostrander lane is within sight. If only they can reach it—if only they can cross it! But they cannot without scowling death in their track. No scattered groups here, the mob fills the corner. It is packed close as a wall brought up against it, the motor necessarily comes to a standstill.

She will have to wait until the crowd aways apart, allowing her to pass. Ah, there, some heads are moving now! She catches one glimpse ahead of her, and see—What does she see? The noble but shrunken figure of the judge drawn up before his gate. His lips are moving, but no sound issues from them; a change passes like a stroke of lightning over the surging mass. Some one shouts out: "Forward!" another, "Traitor!" and the lifted head falls, the moving lips cease from their efforts and in place of the great personality which filled their eyes a moment before, they see a man entrapped, walking to the horror of a sudden death in life for which no visions of the day, no dreams of the night, had been able to prepare him.

It was a sight to awaken pity, not derision. But these people had gathered here in a bitter mood and their rancor had not sent the prey. Calls of "Oliver!" and such threats as, "You saved him at a poor man's expense, but we'll have him yet, we'll have him yet!" began to rise about him, followed by endless repetitions of the name from near and far: "Oliver! Oliver!"

Oliver! His own lips seemed to repeat the word. Then like a lion baited beyond his patience the judge lifted his head and faced them all with a

"I will tell—the judge," stammered the unhappy mother. "Judge," she briefly declared, as she rose with the help of her daughter's arm, "my mind agrees with yours in this matter. What you think, I think. And that was all she could say. As she fell again into her seat, the judge turned to Reuther:

"Leave your mother for a little while," he urged, with that rare gentleness he always showed her. "Let her rest here a few minutes longer, alone with me."

"Yes, Reuther," murmured Deborah, seeing no way of avoiding this inevitable interview. "I am feeling better every minute. I will come soon."

The young girl's eye faltered from one to the other, then settled, with a strange and imploring look upon her mother's face, and her intelligence pierced at last to the core of that mother's misery? Had she seen what Deborah would have spared her at the cost of her own life? It would seem so for when the mother, with great effort, began some consolatory speech, the young girl smiled with a certain sad patience, and, turning toward Judge Ostrander, said as she softly withdrew:

"You have been very kind to allow me to mention a name and discuss a subject you have expressly forbidden. I want to show my gratitude, Judge Ostrander, by never referring to it again without your permission. That you know my mind—here her head rose with a sort of lofty pride which lent a dazzling quality to her usually quiet beauty—and that I know yours, is quite enough for me."

"A noble girl! a maid for the best!" fell from the judge's lips after a silence disturbed only by the faint, far-off murmur of a slowly dispersing throng.

Deborah made no answer. She could not yet trust her courage or her voice.

The judge, who was standing near, concentrated his look upon her features. "Madam!"—he was searching her eyes, searching her very soul, as men seldom search the mind of another. "You believe in the truth of these calumnies that have just been shouted in our ears. You believe what they say of Oliver. You, with every prejudice in his favor; with every desire to recognize his worth! You, who have shown yourself ready to drop your husband's cause though you consider it an honest one, when you saw what have it would entail on my boy's epota. You believe—and on what evidence?" he broke in. "Because of the picture and the coincidence of his presence in the ravine?"

"Yes."

"But these are puerile reasons." He was speaking peremptorily now and with all the weight of a master mind. "And you are not the woman to be satisfied with anything puerile. There is something back of all this; something you have not impaired. What is that something? Tell—tell."

"Oliver was a mere boy in those days and a very passionate one. He hated Etheridge—the intrusive mentor who came between him and your self."

"Hated?"

"Yes, there is proof." He did not ask where. Possibly he knew. And because he did not ask she did not tell him, holding on to her secret in a vague hope that so much at least might never see light.

"I knew the boy shrank sometimes from all unhappy knowledge, but a

woman as strong if not as wise to the situation as herself—she scrutinized the child closely, then turned her gaze slowly about the room, and started in painful surprise, as she perceived standing in the space behind her the tall figure of Judge Ostrander.

"Pardon," she entreated, forgetting Reuther's presence in her consciousness of the misery she had brought upon her benefactor. "I never meant—I never dreamed—"

"Oh, no apologies!" Was this the judge speaking? The tone was an admonitory, not a suffering one. It was not even that of a man humiliated or distressed. "You have had an unfortunate experience, but that is over now and so must your distress be."

Then, as in her astonishment she dropped her hands and looked up, he added very quietly, "Your daughter has been much disturbed about you, but not at all about Oliver or his good name. She knows my son too well, and so do you and I, to be long affected by the virulent outcries of a mob seeking for an object upon which to expend their spleen."

Deborah was glad to sit silent under this open rebuke and listen to Reuther's ingenious declarations. Though she knew that they brought no conviction and distilled in real comfort either to his mind or hers.

"Yes, mother, darling," the young girl was saying. "These people have not seen Oliver in years, but we have, and nothing they can say, nothing that any one can say but himself, could ever shake my belief in him as a man incapable of a really wicked act. He might be capable of striking a sudden blow—most men are under great provocation—but to conceal such a fact—to live for years enjoying the respect of all who knew him, with the knowledge festering in his heart of another having suffered for his crime—that, that would be impossible to Oliver Ostrander."

Some words ring in the heart long after their echo has left the ear. Impossible! Deborah stole a look at the judge. But he was gazing at Reuther, where he will might gaze, if his sinking heart craved support or his abashed mind sought to lose itself in the enthusiasm of this pure soul, with its loving, uncalculating instincts.

"The judge who is as confident of Oliver as I am myself that you are confident, too. That you could no more believe him capable of this atrocious act than you could believe it of my father."

"I will tell—the judge," stammered the unhappy mother. "Judge," she briefly declared, as she rose with the help of her daughter's arm, "my mind agrees with yours in this matter. What you think, I think. And that was all she could say. As she fell again into her seat, the judge turned to Reuther:

"Leave your mother for a little while," he urged, with that rare gentleness he always showed her. "Let her rest here a few minutes longer, alone with me."

"Yes, Reuther," murmured Deborah, seeing no way of avoiding this inevitable interview. "I am feeling better every minute. I will come soon."

The young girl's eye faltered from one to the other, then settled, with a strange and imploring look upon her mother's face, and her intelligence pierced at last to the core of that mother's misery? Had she seen what Deborah would have spared her at the cost of her own life? It would seem so for when the mother, with great effort, began some consolatory speech, the young girl smiled with a certain sad patience, and, turning toward Judge Ostrander, said as she softly withdrew:

"You have been very kind to allow me to mention a name and discuss a subject you have expressly forbidden. I want to show my gratitude, Judge Ostrander, by never referring to it again without your permission. That you know my mind—here her head rose with a sort of lofty pride which lent a dazzling quality to her usually quiet beauty—and that I know yours, is quite enough for me."

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from Algenon's company," the judge admitted, after another glance at her face; "but that means nothing in a way full of his own affairs. What else have you against him? Speak up! Can bear it all!"

"He handled the stick—that—"

"Never." Now you have gone mad, madam."

"I would be willing to end my days in an asylum if that would disprove this fact."

"But, madam, what proof—what reason can you have for an assertion so monstrous?"

"You remember the shadow I saw which was not that of John Scoville? The person who made that shadow was whirling a stick, that was a trick of Oliver's. I have heard that he even whittled furniture."

"Good God!" The judge's panoply was pierced at last.

"They tried to prove, as you will remember, that it was John who thus disguised the bludgeon he always carried with him. But the argument was a sorry one and in itself would have broken down the prosecution had been a man of better repute. Now, these few chips taken from the handle of this weapon will carry a different significance. For in my folly I asked to see this stick, which still exists at police headquarters, and there in the wood I detected and pointed out a trifle of steel which never came from the unbroken blades of the knife taken from John's pocket."

Fallen was the proud head now and fallen the great man's aspect. If he spoke it was to utter a low "Oliver Oliver!"

The pathos of it—the heart-rending wonder in the tone brought the tears to Deborah's eyes and made her last words very difficult.

"But the one great thing which gives to these facts their really dangerous point is the mystery you have made of your life and of this so-called hermitage. If you can clear up that, you can afford to ignore the rest."

"The misfortunes of my house!" was his sole response. "The misfortunes of my house!"

CHAPTER XIII.

One Secret Less.

Suddenly he faced Deborah again. The crisis of feeling had passed, and he looked almost cold.

"You have had advisers," said he. "Who are they?"

"I have talked with Mr. Black."

The judge's brows met.

"Well, you were wise," said he. Then, shortly, "What is his attitude?"

"Feeling that her position was fast becoming intolerable, she falteringly replied, 'I am not sure, but I believe, but even without all the reasons which move me, sharing my conviction—'

"He has told you so?"

"Not directly; but there was no misjudging his opinion of the necessity you were under to explain the mysteries of your life. And it was yesterday we talked; not today."

Like words thrown into a void, hence slow, lingering, half-uttered phrases seemed to awaken an echo which rung not only in his inmost being, but in hers. Not till in both a silence had settled again (the silence of despair, not peace), did he speak when he did it was simply to breathe her name.

"Deborah?"

Startled, for it had always before been "madam," she looked up to find him standing very near her and with his hand held out.

"I am going through deep waters," said he. "Am I to have your support?"

"Oh, Judge Ostrander, how can you doubt it?" she cried, dropping her hand into his, and her eyes swimming with tears. "But what can I do? If I remain here I will be questioned. If I fly—well, possibly, that is what you want—for me to go—to disappear—to take Reuther and sink out of all men's sight forever. If this is your wish, I am ready to do it. Gladly will we be gone—now—at once—this very night."

His disclaimer was peremptory. "No; not that. I ask no such sacrifice. Neither would it avail. There is but one thing which can reinstate Oliver and myself in the confidence and regard of these people. Cannot you guess it, madam? I mean your own restored conviction that the sen-

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tence passed upon John Scoville was a just one. Once satisfied of this, your temperance is such that you would be our advocate whether you wished it or no. Your very silence would be eloquent."

"Convince me; I am willing to have you do so. A shadow stands between my wishes and the belief you mention. The shadow cast by Oliver as he made his way towards the bridge, with my husband's bludgeon in his hand."

"Did you see him strike the blow? Were there any opportune shadows to betray what happened between the instant—let us say Oliver's approach and the fall of my friend? Much can happen in a minute, and this matter is one of minutes. Scoville had a heart open to crime, Oliver not. This I knew when I sat upon the bench at his trial, and now you shall know it, too. Come! I have something to show you."

He turned towards the door and mechanically she followed. Her thoughts were all in a whirl. She did not know what to make of him or of herself. The rooted dread of weeks was stirring in his soul. This suggestion of the transference of the stick from hand to hand was not impossible. Only Scoville had sworn to her, and that, too, upon their child's head, that he had not struck this blow. And she had believed him after finding the cap; and she believed him now. Yes, against her will, she believed him now. Why? and again, why?

Once within the room, he became his courteous self once more. "He seated," he begged, indicating a chair in the half gloom. As she took it, the room sprang into sudden light. He had pulled the string which regulated the curtains over the glazed panes in the ceiling. Then as quickly all was gloom again; he had let the string escape from his hand.

"Half light is better," he muttered in vague apology.

It was a weird beginning to an interview whose object was as yet incomprehensible to her. One minute a blinding glimpse of the room whose details were so varied that many of them still remained unknown to her—the next, everything swept again into shadow through which the tall form of the genius of the place loomed with melancholy suggestion!

She was relieved when he spoke.

"Mrs. Scoville (not Deborah now) have you any confidence in Oliver's word? Has there ever been anything in his conversation as you knew it in Detroit to make you hesitate to reply?" the judge persisted, as she continued speechless.

"No; nothing I have every confidence in his assertions. I should have you, if it were not for this horror."

"Forget it for a moment. Recall his effect upon you as a man, a prospective son-in-law—for you meant him to

marry Reuther."

"I trusted him. I would trust him in many ways yet."

"Would you trust him enough to believe that he would tell you the truth if you asked him point-blank whether his hands were clean of crime?"

"Yes." The word came in a whisper; but there was no wavering in it. She had felt the conviction dart like an arrow through her mind that Oliver might slay a man in his hate—might even conceal his guilt for years



"I Want You to Sit Here and Read," said he.

—but that he could not lie about it when brought face to face with an accuser like herself.

"Then I will let you read something he wrote at my request these many years ago: An experience—the tale of one awful night, the horrors of which, locked within his mind and mine, have never been revealed to a third person. That you should share our secret now, is not only necessary, but fitting. It becomes the widow of John Scoville to know what sort of a man she persists in regarding innocent. Wait for me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MI— WATCH  
RE— ME  
SA— GROW

